



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

CHARIVARIA.

Das Reich has recommended the German nation to treat the British fleet as it deserves—neither with friendliness nor with rudeness, but with polite dignity; and the British tar, who is not without his sense of humour, will probably find this spectacle a sufficient entertainment in itself.

It is said that one feature of the Prince of WALES's tour in India will be a surprise mobilisation of troops. To ensure its success, due notice has been given.

London has often been called "The City of Terrible Darkness," and now the *Gaulois*, in a recent article on open spaces in the Metropolis, refers to "The Park of Black Heat."

Five American millionaires were staying at Claridge's Hotel last week, and it is worth noting, as showing how the Republican spirit is no mere empty form, that one whose fortune is estimated at £20,000,000 treated one who had only £10,000,000 as his equal, and was seen more than once to converse with him.

Mr. HALL CAINE has been interviewed by a representative of the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of his dramatic version of *The Prodigal Son*. Upon being asked whether it was true, as had been alleged, that the end of the play is not

to be a happy one, Mr. CAINE, while refusing to make any explicit statement, modestly replied that everyone would be pleased when the end came.

Shipping in the Channel is becoming a serious menace to the constantly growing class that claims the right of swimming on this public thoroughfare, and we are not surprised to hear that the captains of vessels proceeding at a high velocity, are being freely spoken of as "Sea-Hogs."

With reference to the fall of a boy from the gallery of a Blackburn Music Hall into the pit, we are asked to deny the statement that the manager refused to let the youth leave until he had paid the difference.

We hear that some difficulty is being experienced in connection with the forthcoming production of *Joseph and his Brethren* at the Coliseum, owing to the fact that there is no pit in that house.

A speaker at the meeting of the Sanitary Inspectors Association urged the importance of having school children periodically cleaned. It is rumoured that, as a result, important contracts are about to be placed by the educational authorities with the Vacuum Cleaning Company. If this be true, we hope that the safety of the infants will be considered. There is some danger that, owing

to their small size, they might be drawn by suction bodily through the tube.

A Chester magistrate has commented adversely on the practice adopted by some tradesmen of hanging goods outside shops. It is certainly not always to the advantage of the shopkeepers themselves, for we have known macintoshes, for instance, to be entirely spoilt by being left out in a shower.

Many clergymen have taken umbrage at Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE's advice to them to stop preaching "silly sermons," and have unanimously resolved to ignore it.

If there is one failing more than another which may be said to characterise the present age, it is lack of respect for established institutions. A pair of blackbirds, living near Barnet, have this season built a nest and successfully reared a brood of young ones in the breast-pocket of a scarecrow.

The oyster is so often under a cloud that we are pleased to hear that there is at least one gentleman who, though disputing its value as a source of sustenance, is yet anxious to give it a leg up. "A Vegetarian," writing to the *Daily News*, declares that "Men and nations cannot live well upon pork, oysters, and other quadrupeds."

HOW TO BEHAVE AT BRIDGE.

It is astonishing, at this time of day, how few people have learned to conduct themselves with becoming decorum at a Bridge-table: and we are greatly beholden to the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR for having laid down, in a recent issue of *The Westminster Gazette*, certain elementary rules of etiquette which should govern the behaviour of Polite Society when engaged in this popular and diverting pastime. Limits of space, no doubt, precluded him from saying all that was in his heart; and it is here my object to attempt, with great deference, to make good some of the gaps in his brochure. And, first, I notice that his "few short precepts" are directed to the guidance of beginners of

Both Sexes.

Thus, at the very outset, he is anxious to disabuse his readers of the idea that in Bridge there is one law for the woman and another for the man. This is well, for there is a false impression abroad, due to mistaken notions of chivalry, that the male may claim a greater clemency from his female partner than he would have a right to expect from one of his own sex. Such a principle may serve for trivial sports like lawn tennis or croquet: but where a game is played for money it is by that fact lifted into an altogether nobler region where the question of sex is, for the time being, eliminated. For example, the plea of inability to pay a Bridge debt through the absence of a pocket to hold money is just as inadmissible for a man as for a woman.

Now, to quote from the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, "let us suppose the Bridge table to be formed, and the four players

Duly Seated."

The precision with which he limits the number of players to four (fully justified, since a fifth player is likely to cause confusion, and six or more at an ordinary table might entail over-crowding) makes it the more surprising that he should employ so vague a phrase as "duly seated." This asks too much of the intelligence of the reader, and I venture to supplement it. The seats, then (deck chairs and oriental divans should be avoided), ought, if possible, to be all of the same height, so that no one player has a better chance than another of looking over his opponents' hands. Even so, there is the difficulty arising from lack of uniformity in the length of people's torsos; and this can only be met by the use of chairs capable of being adjusted in the music-stool manner. In any case, no seat should be so high that its occupant cannot reach down to pick up his tricks; nor so low that he cannot see over the edge of the table.

Again, in the choice of seats one cannot ignore

The Question of Mirrors.

If there happens to be a mirror situated immediately behind one of the chairs in such a way that the reflection of the occupant's cards can be readily observed by his partner, then the player who has the choice of seats should make a point of permitting this one to be secured by his opponents. For, as the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR very intelligently puts it, "the good-humoured people are those who give most pleasure to others in playing the game, and probably thereby secure conditions as favourable as possible to their own success." The application of this theory to the case of the mirror-seat is less obscure than it appears. If the original leader wins his game, he need say nothing; whereas, if he loses, he can then, while preserving an air of utmost good humour, call attention to the irregular assistance which his opponents must have derived from the mirror, and decline to pay his losses.

To resume. "Let us suppose the four players duly seated—then arises," says the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, "a point of etiquette relating to the deal which, in my experience, is very frequently disregarded by beginners and sometimes even by those who ought to know better; the point is

this, that the dealer has the right to shuffle the cards *last* before dealing, and it is a breach of etiquette for anyone at the table" (spectators, it will be seen, are here ignored) "to take the dealer's pack of cards in hand and place them in such a position that the player at the dealer's right hand

Is Tempted to Cut them

(and not infrequently does so) without giving the dealer a chance of shuffling." It would seem almost incredible that so gross a breach of etiquette should be possible among players of any breeding, yet we have the authority of the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR that it frequently occurs. If so, it can only be explained by a crass ignorance, or wanton disregard, of the first principles which underlie the game. The founders of Bridge went upon the assumption that every player

Naturally Wants to Cheat

if he gets the chance: and many of their regulations were constructed solely with the purpose of meeting this contingency. Amongst the most vital of these rules is the one which gives the dealer the right of shuffling the cards last, so as to nullify any collusion on the part of his opponents. Accordingly, for a player to put the cards in such a position that the dealer is tempted to neglect this precaution, is to give him the chance of appearing to repose confidence in his opponents' honesty, and is therefore an unpardonable breach of propriety.

The deal being over (and the novice cannot be too urgently reminded that the cards should be dealt from the top, not from the middle or bottom, of the pack, and also in regular rotation, so that each player receives an equal consignment) we come to the question of declaring. On this point the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR holds "That the dealer should allow a *reasonable* time to elapse, in every instance, before deciding whether he will make the declaration himself or leave the decision to his partner." This is a very sound suggestion, and, if it were more frequently followed, we should hear less of such cases as that of the dealer who, after a cursory glance at the corners of his cards, instantly declares No Trumps

On the Strength of Three Aces,

which, on a closer inspection, prove to be fours; or, on the other hand, of the dealer who considers his cards abstractedly for 5½ minutes, and then asks who has dealt. But it is doubtful if this counsel of perfection will ever be realised until the authorities introduce a compulsory system of time-fuses.

We next come to the right method of declaring. Now about this the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR—in my opinion very properly, though his literary style might perhaps be bettered—holds the view that "on making the declaration, whether by the dealer or his partner, no word or other indication of any kind should be allowed to escape from either of them giving any hint as to the contents of their hands." But I would go further and place similar restrictions on the dealer when

Passing the Declaration.

For, should he say aloud, as he leaves it to his partner, "A couple more aces and I'd go No Trumps myself;" or, "No, I never *have* made an original declaration of Diamonds with five to the Queen, and I won't now;" or, "In case you thought of declaring Hearts, I have four pretty good ones;" or (flinging his cards across to his partner), "Did you ever see such a rotten Spade hand?"—any one of these speeches—and, still more, the action accompanying the last—would be tantamount to an intimation, however closely veiled, of the contents of his hand.

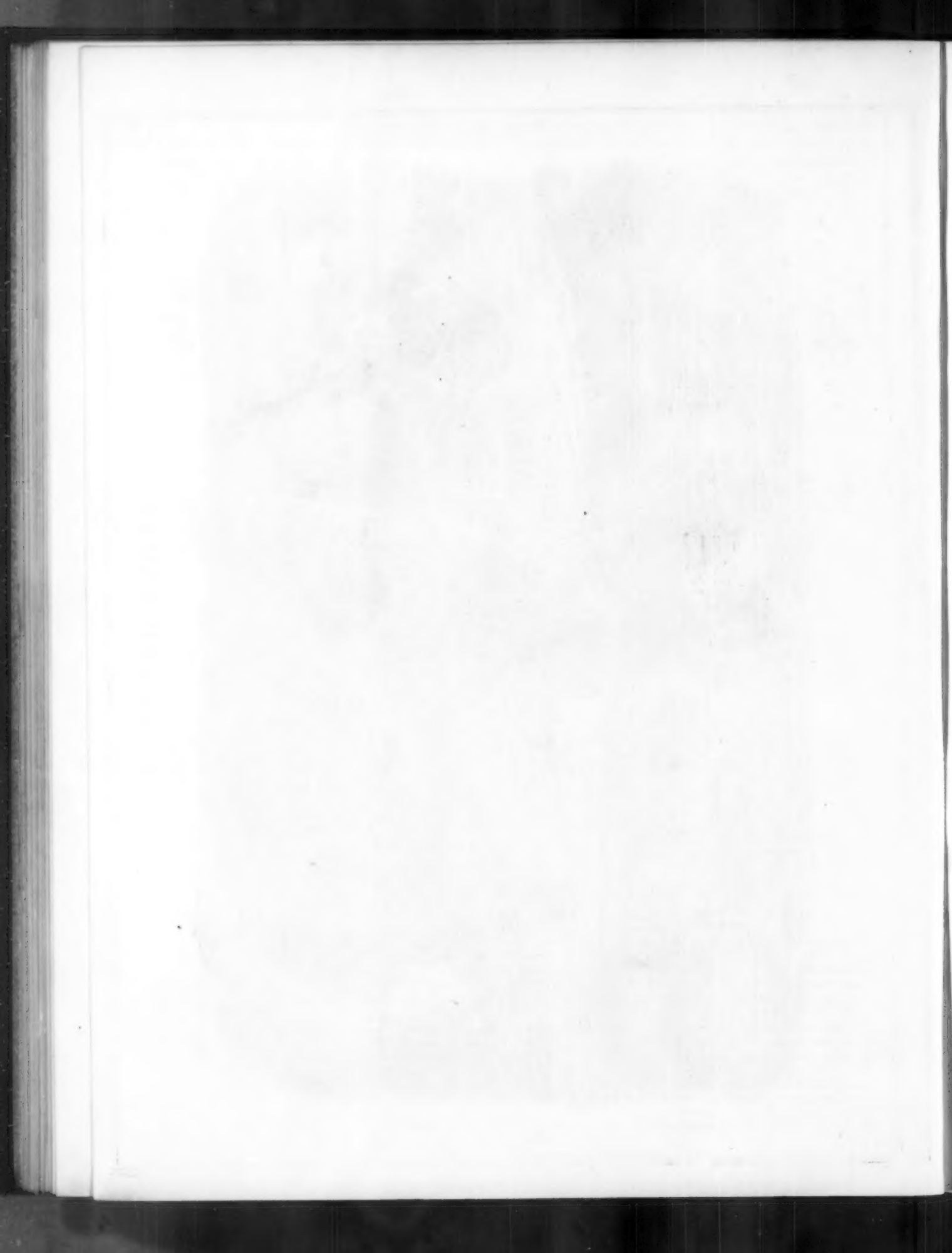
On a future occasion I may have more to say on the subject of Bridge Behaviour; and in the meantime I shall watch carefully to see the effect on Society of the doctrines inculcated by the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR and with great humility supplemented by myself.

O. S.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 30, 1905.



IS IT THE DAWN?





["Bathing-dresses are more elaborate than ever this year."—Vide *Ladies' Papers*.]

Amy. "WELL, I SUPPOSE WE MAY AS WELL BE GOING INTO THE SEA—COME ALONG, MAUD."

Maud. "MY DEAR AMY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHY! IT WOULD ABSOLUTELY RUIN MY DRESS!"

POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE PARK.

SCENE—Near the Marble Arch. TIME—Sunday evening. By the Kiosk the usual raucous Atheist is criticising the Bible in the usual spout of cheap buffoonery. Next to him is a voluble Hungarian, advocating an optimistic view of the future state. A little further on, an orthodox circle are singing hymns with a tuneless but mildly pugnacious refrain. Somewhat apart from all these coteries a small group has collected round a couple of disputants. One is an intelligent artisan, with a keen fallow face and brown eyes with a dull glitter in them; the other is a little old gentleman of venerable appearance, whose soft black felt hat, large clean white collars, and silvery hair and beard, give him a semi-professional air. Between them stands a mysterious-looking man with grizzled curls falling to his shoulders, who observes them both with close and impartial attention, and seems to be reserving his final decision until the argument is concluded.

The Intelligent Artisan. My argument is that any monopoly of money is against the interests of the community as a whole. That's the point you've to meet!

The Old Gentleman (after squeezing all his features together in the effort to concentrate his thoughts). You assert the fact—but, so far, you have not advanced any arguments which, in my opinion, establish it.

The I. A. That's not my fault. If you're too fogged to see it I can't make you—now can I?

The O. G. To begin with, I entirely deny that there is, or can be, any such thing as a monopoly of money.

The I. A. Why, you know as well as what I do that a small and privileged class—bankers, financiers, and such like—have the sole right at present of issuing money.

The O. G. I know nothing of the sort. What is to prevent anyone here from starting a bank to-morrow—if he has the necessary capital?

A Bystander (who has omitted to shave for the last day or two). Just so! It's a free country, ain't it?

The I. A. When you use the term "necess'ry," you're beggin' the 'ole question. What I say is that Capital oughtn't to be necess'ry at all. I claim that every man ought to have the right to issue notes on the security of the future product of the labour of his 'ands.

The Unshaven B. You'll excuse me—but is not wealth produced by the labour of a man's head as well as his hands?

The I. A. No, no—that's where you're wrong. Wealth has never yet been perdooced by a man's 'ed—on'y by 'is 'ands, as I can prove to you in a moment. Let us put it, for the sake of argyment, that the world's Capital amounts to one 'undred pounds, while its wealth is of exackly the same value. Well, then, it follers that for hevery pound—

The O. G. (his spectacles gleaming with the light of battle). One moment! You must not attempt to prove your case by assuming a condition of things that does not exist. The world's Capital—

The I. A. I was addressing myself to this gentleman. I'll

come to you presently. As for the 'undred pounds, I was merely taking that figger as a basis. Make it a million, or a billion pounds, for all I care—it don't affect my illustration!

The O. G. I object to your illustration on the ground that it is an impossible one. The world's Capital never has been and never will be exactly balanced by its wealth.

The I. A. All I'm endeavouring—if you'll allow me to 'ave my say out—is to prove to our friend 'ere that Labour is not dependent on Capital in any way whatsoever.

The Unshaven. But wouldn't you say that Labour depended on Capital for employment?

The I. A. Certainly I should not. Their interests are diametrically opposed—as I'll undertake to show in 'alf a minute.

The Unshaven. Well, but look here now. Suppose I have a few hundred pounds, and invest it in building a house over there. (*Indicating Connaught Place.*) Well,—

The O. G. (*with guarded approval*). Yes, you've hit on the right line there—you may be going to follow it up by the proper argument, though I doubt it—but go on.

The Unshaven (*encouraged*). Am I not providing employment and wages for bricklayers, carpenters, and such like?

The I. A. (*condescendingly*). I'll tell you what your mistake is. Wages aren't paid out of Capital at all. They're paid entirely out of the products of Labour. Similarly with interest. What right, I ask you, has Capital to be paid interest just for laying idle?

The O. G. Since you seem to be attacking interest now, let me put this case to you: I have a hundred pounds to spare, and I buy fifty trucks or barrows at two pounds apiece, and let them out at sixpence a day—that is, seven pounds ten a week. Do you say I am doing wrong? [*He beams with the triumphant expression of a modern SOCRATES.*]

The I. A. (*after considering this problem*). By no means—unless, mind you, unless you are thereby creating a monopoly. That's all I'm arguing against. I contend that every man has a free right to the use of land, air, and water, without being interfered with by anybody whatsoever.

The O. G. Then my answer to that is that he has no such rights, under present conditions.

The I. A. (*seizing his advantage*). "Under present conditions!" There you are. Now you've gone and given away your 'ole case. I'm trying to get those conditions altered. And, while on that point, I may mention that where CHAMBERLAIN makes his grand mistake, is that 'e—

The O. G. Before we go any further, are you for Free Trade or Protection? . . . Very well then, so far, I'm with you—

[*At this stage the mysterious man with the long curls, who has been looking as if he might intervene with an illuminating remark at any moment, suddenly loses all interest in the discussion and glides quietly away; there follows a lengthy argument as to what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did or did not say on various occasions, and how far his own words may be accepted as evidence of his policy—after which the Old Gentleman resumes—*

Well, I am old enough to remember the days long before Free Trade came in, when I myself sold coffee at six and ninepence the pound, tea at very little under, and spices at sixpence an ounce—

A Vacuous Auditor (*with a marked increase of respect for him*). Then you done very well!

The I. A. (*to the O. G.*). I want to 'ave it out with you about the land. You 'aven't met me on that point yet.

The O. G. I am far from saying that our Land Laws do not need reform—

The I. A. Reform? They want to be done away with altogether! I'd 'ave every man entitled to use the land equally without being ordered off it by nobody.

The O. G. Equally—but that's the difficulty. Suppose I build two houses at a thousand pounds apiece—

The V. A. (*deeply impressed by such enterprise*). That's a tidy bit o' money, Guv'nor!

The O. G. (*ignoring him*). And suppose I build one house in the middle of Hackney Marshes—

The I. A. You'd 'ave to be a loonertic to do that! 'Oo's giving impossible illustrations now?

The O. G. I allowed you to finish your illustration—you're interrupting me in the middle of mine!

The V. A. (*losing all faith in him as a practical man*). And right, too—torking sech rot as that!

The O. G. (*witheringly*). When you have made yourself acquainted with the A B C of the question you will have the right to correct other people's arguments—but not till then. (*To the I. A.*) And suppose I build the other house—

The I. A. That's all very well—but we're getting fur away from our original point, which is 'ow wealth can be circulated to the best advantage. And I end as I began by asserting that no class ought to 'ave the exclusive monopoly of money.

The O. G. And I repeat that you have not yet shown me that any such monopoly exists.

The I. A. If I 'ave not done so it's because you 'aven't a mind that's capable of follering my arguments—and I can't be expected to 'elp that. But if you'd read JOHN STUART MILL's *Summary* (which in my opinion is the best thing he ever wrote), you'd see it laid down there that you cannot increase the issue of money without instantly raising the price of food.

The O. G. I have read all JOHN STUART MILL's works several times over, but I do not recall any statement to that effect. And if you were to talk for ever, you would never convince me that—

The I. A. I desay not. And I'll tell you why. Because you 'aven't studied the subject sufficiently to reason it out for yourself. So, as I can't waste any more o' my time (*he elbows his way out of the circle*), I'll wish yer good-night.

The O. G. I studied the subject and reasoned it out for myself, my friend, long before you were born!

The I. A. (*firing a Parthian shot before disappearing in the crowd*). Then all I can say to you is that it's a pity you didn't reason it out right while you were about it!

The O. G. (*buttonholing the nearest Bystander*). I can show you the fallacy of my late opponent's so-called arguments by a very simple illustration. I will assume that you are a shoemaker, and turn out, without the aid of machinery, a pair of boots per day, for which you receive—

The Bystander (*with a dash of hauteur*). There you're mistaken, Mister, as it 'appens. Because I'm a clurk. But if you ask my opinion—

[*Here he is suddenly drawn away by his "Young Lady."*

His Young Lady (*in his ear*). Oh, come orf it, do! What-ever's the use o' gettin' arguin' with a ole nannygoat like 'im? Let's go and listen to the band!

[*They do; the undaunted Old Gentleman looks round for an antagonist worthier of his steel, and is soon again in the thick of an intellectual conflict.* F. A.]

Expected Disappearance of a Gallant Officer.

UNDER the head of "Military Appointments," though it sounds much more like a Military Disappointment, we read in a contemporary that "Major B. R. K. TARTÉ, the Buffs (? Puffs), has been appointed to the 1st Battalion pending absorption."

Putting the Cart before the Man.

FROM "*Infantry Training*," 1905:—"In all movements the second in command will be responsible for the direction and covering; he (and the sergeant-major, if no ammunition carts are present) will generally assist the commanding officer."

FOR HEROES AND LEANDERS.

THE NEW HOTEL FOR CHANNEL SWIMMERS.

SWIMMING the Channel is about to be put upon a sound and practical basis, the experimental stage now being considered over. Plans for a large hotel on the Dover shore, which is to be the last word in sensational natation, have just been passed by the Town Council; while, as soon as the form and seriousness of the swimmers suggest that it is necessary, a sister establishment will be set up on the French coast. This building will be of novel construction, the intention being to erect it upon wheels, so that it can quickly be moved to whatever point the successful swimmer (supposing one to emerge) seems to be approaching, and thus be ready to supply him with refreshment and lodging and those requirements of civilisation which are now expected by those who cleave the main in the full glare, so to speak, of the public eye. A competent staff of pushers will be in attendance day and night to move the hotel whenever and wherever needed.

To return to the Dover hotel, the existence of which is not problematical but certain, all Channel Swimmers having been observed to start. A name has not yet been chosen for it, the management hesitating between "The Trudgeon," "The Swinburne Arms," and "The Forlorn Hope." Beneath the building will be a swimming-bath of considerable size, in which practice can be taken when the weather is too inclement outside, and in which the art of absorbing food while swimming may be acquired. This art is by no means easy, and, indeed, many swimmers attribute their failure to reach Grisnez less to lacking strength and endurance than to inability to swallow beef-tea without at the same time swallowing the Pas de Calais. Swimmers can also experiment in this bath with patent foods, and floating writing-pads will be provided on which they can record the results.

À propos of advertisement, we are reminded that an advertising agent of American extraction will have a permanent office in the hotel, and will give his whole time to the invention of new and ingenious devices to bring and keep the names of the champions before a public for whom the month of August would be arid indeed were it not for attempts upon the Channel. The rooms for the swimmers and their suites will be around the bath, and above these will be a series of apartments for captains of tugs and purveyors of meat essences. The various German bands and gramophone operators will be located in out-houses, while at the top of the main building will be a telegraph office, and around it the rooms of the representatives of the leading papers, the Press



"SO SORRY I'M LATE. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TOO BORED!"

"OH NO, THANKS. I'VE BEEN NURSING THE CAT TILL YOU COULD COME."

Association and the Central News. There will also be sufficient accommodation for those persons who cannot swim, but yet wish it to be understood that they also have designs on the Channel.

Professors of every kind of stroke will be in attendance night and day. The HOLBEIN back stroke, which leaves the face free to contemplate the sun in its various eclipses and the pageant of the starry heavens, will be imparted to all who wish it; likewise the breast stroke of the indomitable and saucy BURGESS, the elastic freedom of the fair and buoyish KELLERMAN, the loopish lupineness of WOLFF, and the cat-like movements of Mr. MEW. Nothing in short will be left undone that can help to popularise this new August and September pastime, which bids fair to rival in attraction both Bridge and Jiu-jitsu.

When the hotel is ready it has been

decided to ask Mr. SWINBURNE for an opening ode, which will probably bear the title "The Channel's Cross-currents," and will be recited by the spirited bard hand-in-hand with his life-long friend and most masterly critic Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, each declaiming alternate lines. The effort, it is anticipated, will be very novel and charming. At the completion of the recitation the directors, all of whom are old swimmers who have won many a gallant contest with the tides in Herne Bay, the Serpentine, Round Pond, and other arenas of desperate natation, will plunge simultaneously into the sea from the Admiralty Pier and perform startling evolutions. They will then emerge, and after some brisk exhortation from specially woven huckaback towels, will entertain the gallant company to lunch, a suitable grace being uttered by Prebendary and Captain WEBB-PEPLOE.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE DANDIE DINMONT.

THE particular Dandie Dinmont who has conferred upon me the privileges of possessing him and providing him with food, bedding, brush and comb, and a garden for him to delve in, is a year old. In appearance he is the most ridiculous object that Nature ever invented in one of her freakish moods. His wheel-base—if I may borrow a term from the motorist—is the longest I have ever seen in proportion to his height, which cannot, at a liberal estimate, exceed six inches at the shoulder. There never has existed a dog who was at the same time so long and (in another sense) so short. His absurd front legs—if things so brief can indeed be called legs—begin with a most prodigious sweeping curve, and then terminate in two comic paws set at a sharp angle outwards. The top of his head is as flat as the striking surface of Thor's hammer, and the ridge of his back goes in switch-back gradients to join his long and impudently defiant tail. About his hair, however, save where it bushes over his eyes, there is no absurdity. It is of a light grey colour—he is a "pepper"—and in part it has the fine texture of silk. His eyes, too, are noble, for they are brown, a rich brown, and they have in them unplumbed depths of faithfulness, pathos, and alert intelligence. His fixed home is an open basket in the day nursery, but more often than not, and especially on muddy days, he condescends to curl himself up on the seats of arm-chairs in the drawing-room or library.

It must not be supposed that this preposterous person has any sense of his own absurdity. On the contrary he has a most notable pomposity of demeanour, supposed, by his detractors, to have been acquired from constant companionship with a gigantic St. Bernard dog, whom he worships, bullies, and leads into mischief. When he is trotting beside *Rollo* he is obviously and serenely unconscious of any difference in their sizes, weights, and muscular powers. He has the deportment and, for the matter of that, the courage of his majestic tawny friend, and the fact that he is occasionally trampled into flatness by a negligent paw never discomposes him for long, and has not had the least effect upon his settled convictions.

This morning the Dandie was digging in the garden, and was pursuing the exercise with his customary and almost inconceivable ardour. He does not care where he digs, for many marks of his prowess are to be seen upon the tennis lawn, and many others are to be found amongst the flower-beds. On this occasion he had chosen some geraniums that are planted against a wall of the house. His leglets were making the earth fly with an incredible velocity. Deeper and wider grew the hole; the sky was darkened with the earthy and scarlet-petalled shower of his excavations. Smack! He has been discovered and for the fiftieth time a whip has descended on his back. A yelping, grey streak of lightning has shot across the path, and in the space of a second he is standing indignant on the lawn a hundred yards away.

At this moment of gloom he saw a sight which at once revived his drooping spirits. A gardener was trundling a heavy wheelbarrow along one of the walks. Now a gardener is always an enemy, but when his hands are free he is a dangerous enemy, for he can throw stones and use sticks, and must, therefore, be avoided. But when a gardener is trundling a wheelbarrow, all he can do is to kick rearwards clumsily and without proper direction. Seeing his hereditary foe thus handicapped the Dandie lost no time. In a flash he had hurtled across the intervening grass and had flung himself, barking viciously, against the lower inches of the gardener's corduroys. The eyes of his mistress being upon him, the gardener attempted under these distressing circumstances to maintain an impassive horticultural dignity, and

ever, as he wheeled, the little dog sprang with short repeated darts at the moving legs.

At last the Dandie desisted from this joyous sport—but only to take up another equally delightful, and even less dangerous. On the other side of the lawn a nurserymaid was pushing a perambulator. By the dog-star, he seemed to say, here is a second wheeling victim! In another moment, still barking his battle-cry, he was amongst her skirts, and in another the perambulator was deserted, the baby was yelling with apprehension, and the nurserymaid, a shrieking and distraught semblance of humanity, was making for a bench in feverish and laughable zig-zags, while the bandy-legged fiend was chasing her from stop to stop with a zest proportioned to her ruin.

After this exploit he seemed to be satiated with mere spiritual amusements, for he retired by devious paths to the kitchen, and became a meek and wheedling, not to say a cringing, little dog. Having prevailed over the not inflexible temper of the cook, he returned to the lawn bearing in his mouth a beef bone as large as his own body. Over this he gnawed and growled till it was time to bury it amongst the bushes and repair to the nursery for dinner, with a tell-tale pyramid of earth upon his nose.

THE GOLF HABIT.

BY AN INVOLUNTARY SLAVE.

EVEN as one that ventures, in his strength,
On some slow drug, and seems to take no ill,
But surely weakening finds himself at length
Thrall to a tabloid, bondsman to a pill,

So I, that sought a charm whereof men rave,
That did but nibble, as it were in jest,
Am grown a Public Scoffing and a slave,
Me wretched! to a practice I detest.

For me the nights go heavily. For me
Day brings the burn, the tussock, and the whin,
The fozzled anguish of a Club-house tee
Crowded with sportsmen pawing to begin.

Through the long hours a weariful course I trace
With piteous "top" and agitating "pull,"
Or squander on th' illimitable space
Blows that would stun an ordinary bull.

The wild turfs leap to my impassioned scoops;
The thick clouds gather o'er the bunker's bed;
And the sliced ball precariously swoops
In imminent circles round a stranger's head.

Daylong and daylong, be it fine or damp,
Summer or winter, I may never flag;
If wet, I take a multi-coloured gamp;
If dry, the caddie has it in his bag.

So grinds the old wheel on. And every day
I loathe the stubborn traffic more and more;
Nightly I vow to give my clubs away,
Only to start next morning as before;

Only to find more painful and more slow
My devious passaging from tee to green
(A hole I did in ten a week ago
I missed this afternoon in seventeen);

Only to salve the pangs of my despair
With shattered shafts and stamping of the feet,
And bell my sorrows to the ambient air
In terms that border on the indiscreet. DUM-DUM.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A STATESMAN.

"The Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN left on Saturday morning for the Continent. No letters will be forwarded to him." — *Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 21.]

Aug. 22.—No letters. What a relief and what a contrast to my usual average of 250 a day! Must devote my leisure to extending my acquaintance with contemporary literature. Tried MAETERLINCK's *Treasure of the Humble* this morning, but found it rather visionary and unpractical. In the afternoon read part of *Aglavaine and Selysette*, but thought it very aglavaining, I mean aggravating. Must ask AVEBURY if MAETERLINCK really does know anything about bees, or only has one in his bonnet.

Aug. 23.—No letters. It certainly does simplify life a great deal, but one can't help wishing to know what people are doing. The foreign newspapers are all very well, but they can't be always trusted. For instance, I see it stated that Lord RITCHIE, the celebrated British statesman (!!!), will probably re-enter the Cabinet. That would indeed be the last straw. Read BROWNING's *Lost Leader* after lunch. Strange that ARTHUR BALFOUR has never written to congratulate me on CURZON's resignation. By Jove, though, he's probably seen that notice about my correspondence and acted accordingly. After tea read some of DICKENS's *Oliver Lodge*, I mean to say *Oliver Twist*. That reminds me that when I get back to Birmingham I must really try to get OLIVER LODGE to write or lecture on the transcendental side of Tariff Reform. I believe it's the only subject of importance he hasn't written on since his appointment as Principal of the Birmingham University.

Aug. 24.—No letters. Tried to read some *Tolstoi* after breakfast, but gave it up in disgust. My doctor recommends me to try golf croquet, but I haven't sunk so low as that yet. Wonder what JESSE COLLINGS is doing with himself. He doesn't shoot grouse, I know, but CHAPLIN does, and HOWARD VINCENT has gone off the rails over the Volunteer Question. . . . Went to hear the band play this afternoon. I know nothing about music, and it doesn't affect me much, but there's no doubt it does influence some people amazingly. I wonder if ELGAR, our new music professor at Birmingham, could be induced to compose a symphony or overture on Imperial Preference? Must talk it over with ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Aug. 25.—No letters. Really this is getting beyond a joke. This morning I was reduced to playing golf croquet, and can no longer say that I never take any exercise or indulge in any pastime.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Mr. Driveler. "Oh! WHAT A LOVELY AFTERNOON! LET YOUR EYES REST WHERE THEY WILL, MISS ROSIE, AND THEY SEE NOTHING THAT IS NOT EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL!"

Aug. 26.—A picture post-card, and from JESSE COLLINGS! Dear old JESSE! I almost shed tears when it was handed me. Effect on my health and spirits simply miraculous. Defying my doctor, wrote long letters to ARTHUR BALFOUR, HEWINE, CHARLES BOOTH, LEO MAXSE, BARON SUYEMATSU, and MINTO. Listened to the pianola without any irritation for half-an-hour after lunch, and telegraphed to the *Times* giving my address, and removing embargo on correspondence.

More Commercial Candour.

"SEA-FISHING tackle sold here, fresh, up-to-date. Certain to deceive the most wary."

SWIMMING the Channel is not the only ambition of our athletes. A number of golfing experts recently reached Dover intent upon driving a ball from Shakespeare's Cliff to the Calais shore. Messrs. JESSOP and JOE DARLING are also intending to try to slog there.



WITH THE "DEVON AND SOMERSET."

Diana (enjoying her first experience of Stag-hunting). "YOU MUST GET THE BRUSH FOR ME, GEORGE, OR I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU."
George (the abject slave—also a novice). "WELL—ER—I'LL TRY."

SUN AND 'AIR.

Opinions of Experts.

"It is an old and perhaps a true legend that in the days of TITIAN the women of Venice used to sit with their long tresses loose in the sun's midday strength to impart to them that chestnut tinge which is still distinguished to-day as Venetian red. It is another old, and, possibly, equally accurate tradition that Blue-coat boys and butchers' assistants are exempt from baldness, because they wear no covering on their heads."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE *Daily Telegraph's* theory, as expressed above, so attracted and intrigued Mr. Punch that he made some inquiries among great or prominent capillarians to endeavour to obtain ratification or denial as to the efficiency of the sun's rays in promoting growth and a golden tinge. We have the authority of the gifted and retiring author of *The Prodigal Son* (not Sun) at Drury Lane, who has put it on record that he attributes the ruddy hue of his own wool (as he humorously calls it) to a long sitting without his hat on the summit of Shakspeare's Cliff at Dover, where once

the natives "gathered samphire (dreadful trade)." Before that time it was coal-black.

Other letters on the subject have reached us.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTHAIK writes: "I can neither support nor disprove the *Telegraph's* theory. My own raven tresses, so ample and so glossy, have rarely been exposed to the rays of the sun; but their luxuriousness none can deny, despite my paradoxical cognomen."

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS writes: "I am constrained to believe that the action of the sun has no connection whatever with the growth of what might be called human mustard and cress. My own conviction is that that growth can be promoted only by the assiduous application of a patent preparation known as—"

[Oh no you don't.—ED.]

MR. P. F. WARNER writes: "I wish I could support the theory that the sun is a safe cure for want of thatch, but

unhappily I cannot. I have given it every chance in the field this year, but in vain. I am still as I was. Would that I could be no-bald!"

It will be seen that the evidence that we have been able to collect from three of the most eminent men in their respective walks of life now living does not very strongly endorse the fascinating contention of our ingenious contemporary. None the less, we are not disposed to go back on *Le Père Soleil* yet. It is manifest that the truth of the contention can be tested only by a deliberate period of immunity from sunshine on the part of the hirsute and a similar period of sunbaths on the part of the hairless. A period of immunity will be offered by to-day's eclipse, but the duration will be probably too short for any marked decrease in hair to be noticed by the astronomers who are implicated in that celestial event, while the value of the experiment would in any case be vitiated by the circumstance that most of them (not, of course, including Sir NORMAN LOCKHAIR) are more or less bald already.



SHELVED.

CHIEFS OF THE RESIGNED (crouching up to make room for Lord Curzon). "HULLO! HERE COMES ANOTHER OF THE OLD BRIGADE! WHY, ARTHUR 'LL SOON BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT."

THE END OF A RECORD MINISTRY.

(Being the intelligent anticipation of a leading article from the Daily Telegraph, April 2, 1936.)

LAST night the House of Commons witnessed the most dramatic, disastrous, and epoch-making event that political history has yet recorded. After an utterly unparalleled career of nearly forty years, a period rich in benefits for so many important classes of the British Nation, Mr. BALFOUR's Ministry was defeated yesterday evening, under circumstances which will bring nothing but eternal shame and dishonour upon an already discredited Opposition. For some time it had been known that the

Liberal Party had fixed upon the first of April as the occasion for a malevolent attack upon the Government; and as, since Lord ALBERT CECIL's unfortunate defeat at Kensington, Mr. BALFOUR at full strength could only rely upon a majority of one, a most urgent whip had been despatched throughout the Unionist Party, commanding attendance at all costs. Thanks to the "Political Substitute Bill," wisely passed through by the Prime Minister during the previous session, those supporters of the

Government who were too aged and infirm to take the journey to the House were able to send down their valets with power of attorney to vote for them. Since no fewer than two hundred and one availed themselves of the privilege, it will be realised what a stern, fighting spirit animated the loyal and united party which has so faithfully supported its beloved leader for nearly half a century. Despite the hundred summers that have floated over Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's venerable head, the veteran statesman had announced his intention of replying in person to Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL's amendment; and when the grand old warrior entered the House, leaning upon the arms of Mr. DAVID COLLINGS and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Jr., he was welcomed by a storm of cheering that was only surpassed by the terrific outburst that a few moments later greeted the arrival of the Prime Minister, who, gracefully reclining in a deck chair, was carried to his seat by

the affectionate efforts of Lord ALGERNON and Lord PERCY CECIL.

When Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL rose amidst the applause of the Opposition, the benches were crowded to their utmost capacity. In the Peers' Gallery there was also a notable attendance, including the Marquis CARMELITE, Earl VINCE, Lord HEWINS, and many other distinguished members of the Upper Chamber. The Opposition amendment had been worded with an elaborate but obvious cunning, which from its very nature was bound to fail in its object of detaching the necessary vote from the Conservative Party:

"That in the opinion of this House the time has now arrived when His Majesty's Government should declare their intentions with

representatives of the Unionist members by referring to their presence as "the most deliberate and impertinent affront that had ever been offered to a long-suffering House." Then, returning to the amendment, he demanded from Mr. BALFOUR a plain answer as to whether he was in favour of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme or not. At this point he paused dramatically, and loud cries of "Answer" arose from the benches behind him. When it was discovered, however, that Mr. BALFOUR was fast asleep, Sir WINSTON resumed his attack, which henceforth he directed towards Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who, with an impassive smile of contempt upon his face, was sitting exactly opposite. Lashing himself into a fine pretence of indignation, the Liberal

Leader declared that thirty-two years ago Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had stated that the immediate adoption of his scheme was absolutely essential if the Empire were to be saved; and that since then, despite every inducement and opportunity being offered to him by the Liberal Party, he had never had the courage to bring it before the House. If Mr. BALFOUR agreed with him, which on seventy-six distinct occasions the Member for West Birmingham had stated to be the case, why had the Government



"Mr. Balfour was aroused, and expressed a desire to end the debate."

regard to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposed alterations in the Fiscal Policy of the country."

Speaking with much assumed warmth and vehemence, the Leader of the Opposition at once plunged into an attack upon the Ministry, which for personal rancour and malicious virulence will remain, we trust, for all time the classical and unenviable example. He soon deserted the subject of the amendment, and proceeded to range over the whole field of Government policy. With concentrated venom he referred to Mr. BALFOUR's masterly repeal of the Septennial Act (1906) as "the most flagrant example of political immorality that has ever stained the pages of history." He alluded to the Redistribution Bill of 1914, which had brought the Government majority from 7 up to 96, as "a piece of shameless corruption, which in any other department of life would have obtained the punishment that it merited," and concluded by grossly insulting the

not adopted his ideas? If, on the other hand, Mr. BALFOUR was opposed to him, as Lord HUGH CECIL had passionately affirmed no fewer than seventy-five times, why did not the Prime Minister say so, and end this intolerable atmosphere of sham and shuffle? (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

With the assistance of his grandson, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was upon his feet almost before Sir WINSTON had resumed his place, which probably accounts for the sustained nature of the applause. In a few brief but eloquent words he completely shattered the edifice of make-believe which the Opposition Leader had taken such pains to erect. Needless to say, his logical, patriotic, and crushing exposure of the Free Trade case was received with the wildest enthusiasm. "The Leader of the Opposition," he declared, "was one of those unfortunate individuals who were the friends of every country but their own." (Cheers.) "In

order to snatch a miserable party advantage he did not hesitate to imperil the future of his native land." (*Cheers.*) "Hon. Members would do well to remember that every vote given to the Liberals was a vote sold to Germany." (*Cheers and protests.*) "He believed that this generation would hand down untarnished the sceptre of empire which they had received from their forefathers." (*Loud cheers.*)

The debate was continued with great enthusiasm by Members of both Parties. On the Government side powerful speeches were contributed by Lord HUGH CECIL, Lord PERCY CECIL, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Lord ALGERNON CECIL, and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Jr. At half-past eleven Mr. BALFOUR was aroused, and expressed his desire to end the debate. When the applause that greeted his decision had died away, the Prime Minister began his speech with evident traces of emotion. "It was not his fault," he declared, "if nature had denied to the Liberal Party sufficient intelligence to understand the English language. The question was so complicated, and his attitude towards it so simple, that it was impossible for him to express it in any cruder language than that of which he had already been guilty. As for the gross and unjustifiable attack upon his life-long friend the Member for West Birmingham" (at this point he turned to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with tears in his eyes), "well, all he could say was that in his opinion the late Colonial Secretary was the second greatest statesman in English history. As for there having been any discord between the right hon. gentleman and himself—" here Mr. BALFOUR's emotion became painful to witness. Two or three times he tried to continue his speech, but the effort was too great; and with a faint exclamation that sounded like "liars," the Prime Minister sank back in his seat unconscious. So overcome was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at this proof of affection, that for the first and only time in his life his feelings got the better of him, and amid the wildest excitement in the House he also fainted away in the arms of Mr. DAVID COLLINGS.

Then occurred an incident almost incredible in its lack of political decency. A Member of the Opposition, whose name we will not sully our page by writing, rose to his feet, and moved "that the amendment be now put." Frantic but unavailing efforts were made to revive the two distinguished invalids; and when the division lists were read for the amendment, the record Ministry of history had been defeated by one vote.

It would be as impossible as it is superfluous to enumerate the services rendered to the country by the late Government. We only offer our warmest

congratulations to the two incomparable Ministers who are now released from the thankless labours at which they have toiled so long. In the words of the last great English poet:

"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea;"

and Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have well earned the rest and honour which they will enjoy, before sinking into the boundless ocean of eternal fame. A thousand memorable phrases leap instinctively into our mind as applicable to their unparalleled careers; but perhaps from the garden of history we can cull the flower that may most acceptably be laid at their feet as a tribute of a nation's gratitude; and, in view of the sublime and pathetic manner in which the end of the Ministry was brought about, inscribe on their memorial in letters of gold and granite that nothing in their political life became them like the leaving of it.

A FOUR-BALL BREAK.

"CROQUET? With you? No. I'm blown if—"

"Lady ANGELA wants to play, and of course that means HARRY."

"Oh, well, if Lady ANGELA—all right. I'll play with her. Make a better game."

"No. I want her to play with HARRY."

"But I don't want—"

"To play with me? You used to, JACK, when—before—"

"Before we were married? Yes, I know, but that was—oh, very well. Have it your own way. Only don't ask my advice and then not take it."

"As if I ever did! Very well, I won't, if you'll promise not to lose your temper."

"Lose my temper! Really, you are the most aggravating person I've ever come across. You know perfectly well I never do. Not now."

"H'm. Well, no, you don't; not like you used to. You don't throw your mallet about and swear. But you scowl and look sulky and say nothing, and that's worse. And you're always thinking about your stupid old four-ball game, and expecting me to—Here they come. Shall we call? Heads! Heads it is. Shall we begin, JACK?"

"Why, of course. It's the game."

"Oh, yes, I know you always say so. I never can see it."

"But, my dear child, the whole object of the game is to get the balls first, so if you win the toss—however, let's have it your way. Will you be red or yellow?"

"Perhaps we'd better begin, if it's the game. I'll be blue. Or would you rather go first?"

"Just as you like."

"Oh, very well, then. I'll be black. No, blue. Only I won't play the four-ball thingummy. It spoils the game. I shall go through the second hoop."

"But it's sheer—oh, very well. Please yourself."

"Well, what do you want me to do, then?"

"Of course, what you ought to do is to come off here, and then I'll lay you a rush. Still, if you don't like—"

"Oh, well, here goes. Is that right? They're sure to hit us. There, what did I tell you? Much better have done what I said."

"Not at all. It's no use to her. She can't go to the second hoop, and she can't stay near you. And if she'd missed—"

"Yes, but she didn't miss. No one could at that distance. Now what are you going to do?"

"Coming to you, of course."

"Oh, well, but you haven't hit me. I knew you wouldn't."

"I didn't want to, my dear. Wasn't the game to try to. Now, you see, you'll be able to hit me, and then—confound! He's hit her. What an infernal fluke! Now he'll come and separate us. Dash the fellow! . . . I never saw such luck. He ought to have been off the ground then. Of course, now he'll go the whole way round."

"Exactly what I say. Your wretched four-ball break. Don't you see what I mean? I hate these long turns. They simply ruin the game. It's all the fault of people who will make games too scientific. They're all the same nowadays. Why can't you just play the game as a game, like I do, and not—oh, he's missed!"

"Jove! Now you've got them. Absolutely set."

"Well, now, what am I to do?"

"Well, I should hit yellow first, and send him down to the middle, and then get a rush on red to your hoop, and then hit red again, and send him down past yellow, and hit yellow, and come on to me, and then—see? You'll get right round."

"But why yellow? Red's much nearer."

"About a foot. However—oh, well, play your own game."

"I know I shall miss yellow. I always know—there, I knew I shouldn't hit it. I do wish you would let me play my own game."

"But I did. I—oh, thank goodness. They've missed. Now it's my turn. I ought to get the whole way round now, and then you'll see there really is something in the four-ball break. If you'll just watch now how the balls go. If I can only bring off this rush. That's all right. (*Continues talking to himself.*) Rather a good shot that. Let's see now."



STRAY NOTES AT CROMER.

PEOPLE WHO MAKE ONE WISH ONE HAD BEEN BORN ABROAD.

Hit red and then send him on to—this is rather a beast. Got it! Jove, now I'm all right. Don't know why it is—always feel such an ass when I'm making a break. Dash! I've wired myself. No, it's all right. Now then, blue? No. Yellow first. Anyhow, it doesn't much matter. Anyone can do the lady's mile with two balls, and then I'll get a rush on red from the stick and—that's all right. And I've got yellow waiting. Haven't left myself a difficult shot yet, except that rush. That really was a good shot. I wonder if those Wimbledon people—I've a good mind to have a shot at the Championship next year. Now, if I can split the balls—might make ELLEN go in for it too, if I could only get her to play the game. No, I haven't hit red yet. Must get her to study the game a bit though. This break ought to show her. Let's see, how many's that? One, two—ten points. Better not make myself a rover. No, I'll play her game now. Send red to her next hoop, wire yellow here, and then go back to her. Leetle too hard, but still—no, it's not bad. I really think I must have a shot at that Championship."

"Have you nearly finished, JACK?"

"Finished! Oh, yes, I've finished. Really, I do think you might take a little interest in the game. What is the good of my trying to teach you if—"

"If you're going to be cross I shan't tell you. Something dreadfully exciting."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's—it's HARRY and Lady ANGELA. I thought you were quite happy with your old four-ball break, so I went off to the house to get a book, and when I came back—yes, they are. Aren't you, HARRY?"

"Well, I'm— A thousand congratulations! But, take my advice, and don't play croquet with her after you're married."

Shops that pass in the night.

"LODGING-HOUSE and shop for disposal . . . Beds full of regular lodgers."

Advt. in "Western Morning News."

A FLOCK of sheep has been engaged by the Drury Lane directorate to support Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER in *The Prodigal Son*.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

I SHUN the haunts of man, awhile to brood
In silent solitude,
To linger where the wheeling seabirds fly,
And listen to their cry,
To watch the foam-flecked billows leap
and curl

And break with devious swirl.

With awe I peer into the cool green cave
That lapping wavelets lave,
And marvel what strange denizens may
dwell

Here, amid weed and shell—
When lo! I catch the too familiar tones
Of SMITH'S "How are you, JONES?"

Italy divided against herself.

THE *Daily Chronicle* refers to repeated movements for demolishing a certain rookery "where are produced, amid surroundings of unspeakable filth, the ice-creams that issue forth every summer to the danger of London, not to speak of the barrel-organs." But why this silence about the barrel-organs? And, if the ice-creams are really a menace to them, as darkly hinted, why not let this good work go forward?

A HOLIDAY-TAKER'S PETITION.

SIR,—Your influence can be felt—why may I not say it boldly?—everywhere. Am I stating the, as I believe, undoubted fact too broadly? I may be doing so: I think not. How is it then, Sir, I ask with the greatest respect, that you do not remind the Clerk of the Weather of his duties at holiday seasons towards holiday-takers generally? Is it possible that you, Sir, have given the Clerk unmistakable hints, which, ignoring, he has, self-opinionatedly, gone off on a barometrically opposite course?

I do not know if my case is on all fours with those of a considerable majority, or whether their cases are at sixes and sevens with my own. Here then, Sir, is my plain unvarnished tale, which, for you, I will polish off at once.

I am devoted to the sea, and don't mind going as far as three-and-sixpence. Well, Sir, for a sum less than this, having arrived at Ramsgate for a brief holiday, I was joyfully anticipating several short, but eminently pleasurable, voyages from this pier as far as Folkestone Harbour, calling on the way at Deal and Dover, on board the *Myleta* or the *Edward William*, the two capital coasting steamers which the South Eastern Company (combined with the L. C. & D. Co.) sends here regularly, as I am informed, for a summer season. The *Myleta* starts at the fairly reasonable hour of 10.15, morning, reaches Folkestone at 1.0, and leaves it at 3.15, landing you (that is, me, and other passengers) at Ramsgate at 6.0 to a tick. But what has occurred this season?

On the only days when I could possibly be down here for a holiday, some wind from the west or south or north-west blew so violently that the bright blue sky was kept perfectly clear from all clouds, while the sun shone with intensely provoking brilliancy, and Miss *Myleta's* captain, wisely, as I must own, refused to move the neat and tidy young lady out of the harbour. Had he acted contrariwise he would not have had a single passenger to accompany him, certainly not myself, though I might have been with him in spirit, drinking his health and song in a glass of water tempered with whisky, in such just proportion as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Three times (in my room) was I prepared to start: three times were the rough unruly elements against me: and it was literally "no go." Up to town for work again: lovely weather in London. Next day a friend writes to me from Ramsgate, "Splendid time: *Myleta* going strong."

Hoping against hope I made yet another effort. Down at Ramsgate once again. Lovely day: sea would have been like proverbial mill-pond but for gentle breeze. I see the *Myleta* gaily manœuvring from its berth to the pier, whither I hurry. As I step on board I am hailed by breathless messenger with telegram. It may be a message of something tremendously to my advantage, and so I take it. Oh! If I only hadn't seen it! If only it had been kept for me until my return! But my presence appeared to be absolutely essential that very afternoon in London. Could I tear myself

away from Miss *Myleta*!! Ah! It was hard. But at the call of duty—per sixpenny wire—I did it. Within half an hour I was ready to catch the train, when suddenly another telegram met me as I was leaving my door. It said, "Meeting postponed, no necessity to come up." A big, big D! Its force lessened by knowledge of the fact that at least my holiday was not curtailed. Small by degrees and beautifully less was just visible the *Myleta*, nearing Deal pier. Inspiration! Train to Deal: catch *Edward William*, *Myleta's* twin brother, on his way to Ramsgate. First-rate idea. Sure to find a train. Yes; one just going. Away to Deal! Arrived 12.25. Ha! Just in time . . . to be too late! *Edward William* has been gone exactly five minutes. "You can see her," says a gruff old sailor, as hard as Deal itself, pointing in the direction of E. W.'s track.

Now, Sir, I do not impute any blame to you, or to the Weather Clerk, as regards the telegram, but now that before the end of August I am able to get a few days "off," and a few hours on the *Myleta*, do be so obliging as to insist influentially on the aforesaid Clerk of the Weather (if he is something more than a mere clerk, that is, a managing

clerk) fixing up several days of unstormy, un-rainy weather, with which to finish summer and open the Third Act of the year, that of Autumn, in most effective style.

As I write every-thing promises well. I am inclined to be less hard on the meteorological, or illogical, authorities. I hasten to join the *Myleta* at the pier-head.

Yours, in high hopes,

AN IRREGULAR ROVER.

SAME HAT.



AWFULLY SIMPLE.



SIMPLY AWFUL.

P.S.—Three-quarters of an hour after the above was finished I returned. Alas! Fate in the shape of a strong sou'westerly wind off Dover (so came the message) was dead against us, or rather, very much alive against us. The captain of the gallant *Myleta* gave his orders from the bridge, and the first mate, sadly returning whatever passage-money had been paid, informed us, all and severally, in a low tone that emphasised the grandeur of his struggle with emotion almost overpowering, that the *Myleta* would not go to-day, not even as far as Deal. Your pity, Sir, please! And send to the Weather Clerk.

CORNISH fishermen, and Devonian too, have not been much impressed by "*L'Entente*." French fishing-boats, in the most genial spirit, probably only fishing for compliments, were caught trespassing off the Devon and Cornwall coasts and taken in tow by a gunboat to Plymouth, where it was anticipated the case would be heard in Court, and the caught catchers would catch it. *Vive L'Entente!*

ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN TEST.—It is rumoured that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is to be opposed at the next General Election by an Australian. Will he approve of the Colonial being given the Preference?

HOW TO GIVE A (BACK) GARDEN PARTY.

THERE is a mistaken idea prevalent among the châtelaines of our smaller British homes that the joy of garden party giving is denied them owing to lack of space. As no garden can be too large for a successful *al fresco* reception, it may be also conceded that no garden can be too small for the same purpose, and as a matter of fact, with a little care and forethought, the back-garden party may be made even more popular and entertaining than the *fêtes champêtres* which grace the swelling parks of our nobility.

THE GARDEN.

The garden, however, should, if possible, be not less than fifteen yards by twelve, with a gravel path round and a grass plot in the middle, and the most modish time to give the party is late August or early September, immediately following the rush of the Southend and Margate season, and while the slackening business in office or retail establishments gives opportunity for the presence of the sterner sex. If the garden should be slightly smaller than the prescribed area the effect of size may be greatly enhanced by a number of light chairs and stools dotted here and there. The garden seat, which should be retained for the use of elderly ladies, must be freshly painted for the occasion, though it is as well not to apply the last coat later than the evening before. The garden roller, if placed on its side in a shady corner and covered with a dainty afternoon tea-cloth, will form an excellent side-table for glasses and siphons, but guests must be warned against sitting on the handle while in this position.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A graceful and effective little fountain may be contrived by attaching the rose of the water-can to the end of the garden hose, which should be covered by green baize before being laid across the ground to the exact centre of the lawn, where

the end must be supported in an upright position by ten or a dozen burnt bricks, the whole forming a charming rockery or rustic grotto. Guests, however, must be earnestly requested to lift their feet high when strolling up and down the lawn, as a trip over the disguised piping might shift the position of the nozzle, and lead to disastrous results.

two ounces of cloves, a small teaspoonful of mace, and a bay leaf. Hock cup made in this manner can be offered with impunity either to teetotalers or moderate drinkers. The most substantial part of the entertainment should consist of savoury sandwiches and thumb-nail French pastries. It is usual to apportion two to each person, three being a generous allowance.

THE CAT SHOOT.

In addition to the Green Hungarian Gramophone in one corner and the local lady reciter in the other, the *Cat Shoot* will be found to be a popular item among the more adventurous spirits. Not more than twelve air-guns should be invited, and the game may be contrived out of cardboard realistically cut and coloured by the children a month beforehand. These dummies, placed in crouching positions at intervals along the back wall or else a clothes-line, and worked by a string running over pulleys with the boot-boy to manipulate it, should present a very passable imitation of the running deer at Bisley. The garden seat reserved for the elderly ladies must be placed out of range, to ensure against any mistakes arising on the part of the sportsmen. A red flag attached to the chimney will warn the more intelligent among the neighbours that firing is in progress; all others will gradually become aware of the fact from their own sensations.



Mid-Channel Mermaids. "Oh! WHAT FUNNY TAILS!"

REFRESHMENTS.

Forming as they do one of the most serious items from the visitors' point of view, the refreshments must receive the personal attention of every young hostess. Iced coffee and hock cup will be found amply to satisfy the demands of the thirsty. The former you may, with advantage, make overnight—thus dispensing with the ice; while an economical and satisfying hock cup should be made as follows: two quarts of lemonade (citric acid), one gill of methylated spirit,

A Slump in Teuton Pig.

["The meat famine in Germany is now exciting the whole country. 'Open the frontier to Russian pork!' is the cry now being raised by all classes."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE Germans, deprived of their native supply, For cheap Russian pork are beginning to cry; But the Russians on *their* side, by fortune forsaken, Are occupied wholly in saving their bacon.

THE RIME OF THE MODERN MARINER.

"'SERVICE'?" said the sailor-man; "I have had my share of it,
Seen it almost everywhere underneath the sun:
'Kept my health'? Well, moderate; thanks to taking care
of it;

More than that you can't expect, knowing what I've done.

"Sailormen who celebrate national amenities
Are compelled to undergo sore internal ills;
When we put to sea again afterwards—ah, then it is
Half the crew are down below, clamouring for pills!

"I was through the Brest affair; young and full of merriment,
Symptoms of dyspepsia hardly made us wince,
Nor did we anticipate the fruit of that experiment,
Fated to be gathered by the Navy ever since.

"Later on, the Government, proud of its sagacity,
Added to that enterprise others of the sort;
Paying no attention to the sailor-man's capacity,
Bade him overeat himself in every foreign port!

"'Scarcely active service,' eh? Well, reckon to a decimal
What per cent. of combatants met harm in any shape;
Pooh! Their chance of injury was quite infinitesimal;—
Nowadays not one in ten is able to escape.

"Sadly I recall the past; days that cannot be again,
Memories of mariners who followed duty's path,
Totally disabled, they will never put to sea again,
Now they seek the water but at Harrogate or Bath!

"Yes, a gallant calling is the modern sailor's; still it is
Exquisitely dangerous, though war itself may cease;
Honour those who suffer from digestive disabilities,
All incurred in furthering a universal peace!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Stingaree, by E. W. HORNUNG (CHATTO AND WINDUS), is a capital collection of stories, arranged on a cleverly devised, dramatic plan, concerning an Australian bushranger worthy to be the analogue of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S *Locksley alias Robin Hood*, of HARRISON AINSWORTH'S chivalrous *Dick Turpin*, or of BULWER-LYTTON'S romantic highwayman *Paul Clifford*. There is about this *Stingaree* a dash and a freshness that are certain to captivate the most jaded reader and likely to send him, in imagination, galloping recklessly along as sworn companion of the daring bushranger, determined to see him through every and any melodramatic adventure, be the result what it may. The mystery that envelopes the hero is preserved admirably. The characters are all dramatically individualised; so are the horses. The scenes are word-painted with a graphic fidelity that will charm even the most persistent skipper, who, in this book will find himself deprived of his usual exercise. Allow the Baron to direct the attention of any reader who may be pressed for time to an incident in *Stingaree*'s career entitled *A Duel in the Desert*. Here honest sympathy will be entirely with the lawless bushranger. But if one is thoroughly to enjoy the stories they should be read in the connection arranged by their author. For example the sentiment and the motive of action in the last story of this volume, *The Moth and the Star*, can only be duly appreciated by those whom the first tale, abruptly finished, has impressed, and to this they will probably return in order to complete their interest in the "tag" by refreshing reference to the opening. *Stingaree* can be specially recommended to the traveller with a long journey before him. The fastidious reader may object to the staring white letters at the side of the cover, but, the question of material binding apart, the book is certainly bound to interest and amuse.

One of the late GUY BOOTHBY'S best books is his last, entitled *A Brighton Tragedy* (F. V. WHITE & Co.). The first part—it is divided into three parts—is located in Bogotá, where the attractive heroine is introduced to the reader as "probably" the "loveliest girl in all Bogotá, probably in the Republic of Colombo," and the puzzlement commences as to why the novel was entitled *A Brighton Tragedy*, when apparently all the characters, excepting the English hero, are Spanish-Americans. *Eric Anstruther* has nothing to do with Brighton, no one at "Bogotá" (which is not the Spanish for Bognor) has anything to do with the acknowledged capital of Sussex seashores. But wait, and your patience will be mysteriously and sensationally rewarded. The first part of this novel, however, is picturesquely the best. Here commences the action, drawn with the three principal characters without whom no love story can possibly be concocted, that is to say, the Loved One, the Lover, and the Rival, the last-named being, in some rare instances, converted from the error of his way and atoning for his previous misdeeds by becoming the heroine's most humble servant to command. It is not so here. The villain is, intentionally, a villain of the very deepest dye, but the author of his being has—but this is not the Baron's secret and he will not divulge it. The scenic descriptions are artistically effective, nor will anybody grudge the time spent on them, since they are essential to the right understanding of the design. To be brought back, suddenly, from romantic Colombo to matter-of-fact Brighton takes away the reader's breath; nor, indeed, for some time, does the writer himself appear to have recovered from the violent shock to his system. If the reader, deeply interested in the sensational course of events, be a Dickensian student, it was injudicious of GUY BOOTHBY to suggest to him the idea of a *Miss Pipchin* or a *Cornelia Blimber* (both of Brighton schools) in the persons of *Miss Pinnifer* and *Miss Tibbits*; and if the reader be not Dickensian, then the sudden introduction of two low-comedy characters into the serious business in hand may possibly irritate and put him out of harmony with the otherwise well-considered scheme. But again the Baron begs him to have patience. These two persons soon "cease their funning" and drop into their proper places. Perhaps if, instead of being called *A Brighton Tragedy*, the book had been entitled *From Bogotá to Brighton: a Tragedy*, then the reader would have been fairly dealt with. But when he is at Bogotá he doesn't want to leave it for Brighton, and, when he gets to Brighton, he is most anxious to return to Bogotá.

The *Mother-Light* (HUTCHINSON) is a remarkable book. The author—or my Baronite guesses the authoress—remains anonymous. The scene is laid in the United States, where such words as "labor" come from. The story deals with a carefully organised religious imposture, those who pull the string claiming for the High Priestess the gift of healing the sick, even of triumphing over death. From time to time the *Mother-Light* shows herself to the believers assembled in their thousands. Actually 93 in years, she is made up to preserve the bloom and beauty of youth. But death is not to be defrauded, even by the *Mother-Light*. He carries off the old hag, whom the First Apostle secretly buries in the dead of night, substituting for her a young and beautiful girl, who successfully carries on the imposture. The developments of this strange story are presented with force and picturesqueness.

